

Sara Part 3: Revealed

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Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-28 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-28 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:37:29

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,587

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The secrets of Sara's past come in to light and a familiar face from the past stops by for a visit.

Sara Part 3: Revealed

Body ** Disclaimer:** They're not mine. They belong to Joss, his company, Fox, etc. except for Sara, but like I said before, if he wants her, he's got her, just let me play her on the show.**

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Distribution: ** You really wanna distribute this? I'm my own worst critic. **

** Spoilers:** Season 4, although with careful editing, whether adding or taking things away, this could take place in a future season.** **

** Author's Note:** Same deal as last time. Hey guess who has a bigger part? Everybody's favorite neutered vamp! Uh oh, I guess I just ruined the whole "familiar face" thing in the summary. Or did I? By the way, there's a song in here. Don't skip the lyrics if you don't know the tune, they hold merit. Enjoy! =)

** **

** Sara Part 3: Revealed.** The secrets of Sara's past come into light and a familiar face comes for a visit.

Prologue:

Sara sat at a table at the Bronze, waiting for Buffy to show up. She watched as Xander walked through the door. She raised her hand halfway in greeting and waved him over to the table.

"Hey," Xander said, sitting down.

"Hi," Sara said.

"Waiting for Buffy and Willow?"

Sara nodded. She was coping with the fact that she was stuck in this world forever. After all, there was nothing she could do about it. Considering that she could never die, Buffy had convinced her to devote her life to fighting the forces of darkness. She sighed. She had Buffy and her friends for now, but she wouldn't have them forever.

Xander heard her sigh. He still felt really sorry for her. He put a hand on hers and smiled at her. She smiled back. She would just have to stop thinking about that for now. She sighed again.

"Hey," Xander said. "It'll be all right, remember? We're gonna help you get through this whole thing."

Sara laughed. "You sound like I'm undergoing physical therapy. I didn't get into a car accident or anything."

Xander answered with a small laugh of his own. "I guess you're right."

Just then, Buffy and Willow walked up to their table.

"Hey, hey," Buffy said. "What's going on here?"

Sara suddenly realized that she and Xander were still holding hands. Quickly she pulled her hand free.

"Nothing," she said. "We were just talking."

"Uh huh," Buffy teased. Willow smiled, and they took their seats at the table, intentionally wedging Sara and Xander together slightly.

Sara took a deep breath. "I'm gonna get a drink." She jumped out of her seat and practically ran to the bar. She ordered a soda and looked back at the dance floor at the smiling couples.

"Welcome change from The Alibi Room isn't it?" a voice said from behind her. She turned to see the same peroxided vampire that she had run into at Willy's bar.

"Hey Spike," she smiled slightly. "Yeah, you know it's a lot more alive in here."

"Disgusting isn't it?"

Sara laughed, and grabbed her drink. She turned and walked backwards for a moment.

"Mortifying," she called to Spike before turning the right way and walking back to the table. She chuckled. Everything seemed to be going all right lately. So she'd spend an eternity fighting demons. She'd have Buffy to train her. She'd just have to take it a day at a time. Start slowly.

Across town, in an abandoned warehouse, a group of vampires stood, angrily chatting with each other.

"Silence my friends!" one vampire said, stepping out from the darkness. "Your anger is more than recognized! It is shared, and soon, it will be silenced. This Slayer has plagued us for years, and now, she has the help of a Lost One! But the upper hand she carries will soon be terminated. With the help of our brothers and sisters, we will strike the Slayer down." As the older vampire stopped his speech, more of his brethren stepped from their hiding places, revealing more than a hundred of them.

Chapter 1:

Sara was thrown on her back, hitting her head on the floor.

"Come on Sara," Buffy said. "If you wanna fight demons you have to fight better than that."

Sara sat up. "I have been fighting since before you could crawl."

"Oh yeah?" Buffy leaned in closer, putting her hands on her hips. "Then how come you can't even knock me down?"

Sara quickly kicked Buffy's legs out from under her, sending her crashing to the ground.

"Because I was waiting for you to do something like that and let your guard down. Very sloppy Buffy, never trust the enemy." Buffy laughed as Sara helped her to her feet.

They were training in Giles' living room. They lifted the coffee table back into place and plopped down on the couch. They picked up their sodas and took small sips, as Giles brewed tea in his kitchen.

"So like, what do you guys do when you're not fighting vampires or blowing up demons?" Sara asked.

"I don't know," Buffy said. "We could go to the mall, see a movie, or we could just relax. Things do seem to be awfully quiet lately."

In the warehouse, the vampires trained, and polished swords and other weapons. Devilish smiles revealed fangs, curling over lips red with the blood of their latest meals.

At the same time, in the office of Angel Investigations in LA, Cordelia Chase was doubled over holding her head. Her business associates Wesley and Angel held her. When Cordelia finally stopped crying out in pain, Angel looked at her.

"What did you see?" he asked her.

"Buffy," she said.

Sara walked through Main Street with Xander.

"So this is what you do when there are no nasties around to hurt," she said. "Wander around looking for them."

Xander smiled. "Yeah well, this really isn't much of a party town."

See, it's either this or go to Sherwin Williams and watch them mix paint."

"There's nothing out here," Sara said. "Can we go?"

"Yeah, you're right. It's quiet tonight." He looked at her.

"Don't say it."

He put his hands up, but after a while of walking, she heard him mutter something.

"A little too quiet."

"I hate you," she said, laughing.

Buffy walked up and down the graveyard that night. She passed through the park, virtually every alleyway in the whole town, and the only vampire she had seen had took one look at her and ran in the opposite direction.

"What is going on here?" she wondered aloud.

Silently, she started to walk back to her dorm room. She was looking forward to the short vacation from classes she had coming up, and also to getting in some extra sleep. After spending until four o'clock in the morning up to your knees in vampire dust and demon blood, it was nice to get in forty winks here and there, preferably not in class.

She walked up the stairs of Stevenson Hall, and headed towards room 214, expecting to see Willow sitting on her bed, studying or something. Instead, she found a pile of books, indicating that Willow had been there. Apparently, she had left in a hurry. The books on the bed were her witchcraft books, and she always remembered to put those away, just in case. Buffy looked around frantically, the possibility that Willow had been taken rushing through her mind. The idea was quickly put to rest after she saw a note on the table.

It read: "I'm at Giles' come as soon as you can - Willow."

Buffy quickly ran out of the room.

Sara flipped Xander over her shoulder and he landed on his bed.

"Oh you suck!" Sara said to him. "No wonder you never really get to kick any demon butt."

Xander got up fast, and grabbed Sara and tickled her. She screamed playfully and they were thrown on the bed. After he stopped tickling her, their eyes met and he kissed her. She kissed him back. The kiss was broken when the phone rang. Xander sighed and picked up the phone.

"Hello?" he paused. "Sure. Sure, I'll be right there. Yeah, yeah, I'll bring her too."

"Thanks," Buffy said from the phone in Giles' apartment. She hung up the phone and turned. Angel stood behind her, looking at the floor, a slight bit sheepish.

Chapter 2:

The Scoobies, save Xander and Sara were assembled in Giles' living room. Even Spike was there, which had caused a bit of explaining and a seemingly endless stare down between Spike and Angel.

"Explain this to me again please," Buffy said to Angel.

"Cordelia had a vision of a very large group of vampires attacking you guys," he said.

"Cordelia? What happened to Doyle?" She asked Angel who looked down at the floor, saying nothing.

"I'm sorry," she said, regrouping. "So, group of vampires, attacking us?"

"Killing you."

"And there was another girl with us too, right?" Willow asked. Angel nodded. "Which is why we called Sara."

"Right," Buffy said.

"Sara?" asked Angel, just as Xander and Sara entered Giles' house. Xander kept walking to the group of people, staring at Angel, and stood protectively next to Buffy and Willow. Giles looked up to Sara, who stood in the foyer, keeping herself close to the door. She stared at the group.

"Sara?" Giles asked, they all looked at her. Sara had locked eyes with Angel. They both stared at each other in disbelief.

"What?" Buffy asked. "What is it?"

"Sara," Angel said.

"Angel," Sara said softly.

A memory flashed through them both. Home. Galway, Ireland.

"No," Sara said softly, backing away, towards the door as the memories she had worked so hard to repress started to resurface. "I can't do this."

"Sara, wait," Angel said. "Sara!" She kept going. "SERAFINA!!" he yelled.

She stopped dead in her tracks, turning around slowly. Buffy, Willow, Xander and Giles watched with their mouths open.

"Serafina," he said again quietly, slowly approaching her.

"Don't call me that!" she yelled. "That's not my name anymore, Angelus."

"Okay," he said, still walking towards her. "Sara."

Sara backed up one step for every step he took toward her. Finally he

stopped. They stared at each other for a little while longer. Sara took one look at Buffy, looked back at Angel, and ran out the door.

A silence hung over the room for a few moments, before Buffy finally broke it.

"Angel," she said carefully. "How do you know her?"

Angel took a breath. "She's my sister."

"What?!" Xander and Spike yelled at the same time.

"My sister, Serafina. I don't believe this."

"Okay," Buffy said slowly. "I'm going to be needing a bit of an explanation here."

"God," Spike said. "And I thought today was gonna be boring."

Angel ignored him and took a breath again. "You all know what I was like as a human..."

"Drunk?" Xander asked.

"Yeah," Angel said slowly. "I guess I should tell you how I was, before." He took another breath and Willow moved to let him sit down. "In 1751 I lived in Galway, Ireland with my parents, and my two younger sisters, Kathy," he paused. "And Serafina." Giles sat down at his desk, preparing to absorb the knowledge coming his way. "I used to call her Sara." Angel's eyes were fixed on the floor. "We were very close, even though she was so much younger than me. She even asked me to escort her to a party that she was going to." He swallowed, and continued his story.

Galway, 1751:

Sara and Kathy sat with their mother in the small room that she and Kathy shared. Her mother was curling her hair, putting it up into an intricate style. Her flowing dress took up most of the room on her bed. Kathy sat in front of her, looking at her sister with quiet admiration.

"I wish I could come with you," Kathy's small voice spoke out, her Irish accent making her sound even more delicate.

"I wish you could go instead of me," Sara said to her. Her mother pulled on her hair playfully. "Hey!" Sara said.

"Now, now," their mother said, her soothing voice now hinting at stern. "Serafina, you are entering your fifteenth year." Sara flinched, her mother only used her full name when she was serious. "It's time for you to start acting like a lady, rather than a girl. Time to stop running around, jumping into rivers with your brother, and start spending time with other young ladies, and trying to catch a husband."

"A husband?" Sara said. "Mother, I don't want-" Her mother put a finger on her lip.

"Not a word," she said. "It's bad enough you're having your brother escort you to the party rather than let father pick a young man."

Kathy smiled and looked at her older sister, who made a face at her. Sara looked back at her mother.

"If Liam is good enough for that Brigit girl he's courting, then he's good enough for me."

"He's our guardian angel," Kathy said.

Chapter 3:

Sunnydale, the present:

They were all sitting now. Angel, Buffy and Willow on the sofa, Giles at his desk, and Xander on the arm of the sofa, next to Willow.

"Your name is Liam?" Xander asked. Angel nodded. "And your sisters used to call you their angel."

"They never called me Liam," he replied, nodding.

"And you killed them."

"Not both of them," Angel said.

Angel's father sat with him in the living room of their home.

"Liam," his father said. "I want you to be on your best behavior tonight." He looked at his son, who returned a gaze of confusion. "I know that when you and Serafina are together, you tend to get restless, he explained. "I don't want a repeat of my last Christmas party."

"She didn't mean to step on the Smithe's poodle, it was an accident," Angel told him.

His father smiled. He was very proud of his son. He was a smart boy who was going to be rich after he took over his father's trading business. He gave him a pat on the back as Kathy came bounding the stairs.

"She's ready, she's ready!" she exclaimed as she ran into her brother's arms, the small doll she was holding hitting his face.

"Oh she is then?" he asked. The sound of his mother clearing her throat tore his gaze from his sister's face. He looked at the stairs, and almost dropped poor Kathy as he saw Sara, standing at the foot of them, in the most beautiful blue dress he had ever seen.

Setting Kathy down, he walked to his other sister. He grinned at her.

"You look ravishing," he said, mimicking the way that their snobby, upper-class friends spoke.

Sara faked a yawn, covering her mouth and rolling her eyes. She placed a hand in his. "Why thank you sir." She said, trying to make herself sound as bored as possible. They held their serious faces for a moment longer before they both started to laugh.

Their parents smiled, and her mother handed a small box to Kathy, who placed it in her brother's hands.

"This is for you," Angel said. Inside the box was a beautiful sapphire surrounded by diamonds, in a golden ring. Angel took the hand in his, and removed the small Claddagh ring he had given her for Christmas, placing the sapphire on her now bare finger.

She walked down the three remaining stairs, struggling to keep her balance in the high heels she wore, and gave her mother a kiss.

"Have a good time," her father said. "And watch your feet."

"I promise to watch out for any dogs or small animals," she said as though she had had this conversation before.

"I meant on the dance floor but all the more better." He kissed her on the forehead, and left her for her brother to take her out the door. She took one last look at her family as she walked outside to the carriage.

Sara walked down the street, she didn't know where she was going until had gotten there. She stood outside of the graveyard, staring blankly, and after a moment, the memories came flooding back to her.

She was sitting in the carriage with Liam, or Angel as she called him, coming back from the party.

"So what did you think?" he asked her.

"Well, the music was..... the food..... the people were.... It was horrible," she replied after trying to find something not miserable about the occasion.

"Aye," Angel said laughing.

"I mean, it was about as exciting as going to get me teeth pulled."

He laughed again. Just then, the carriage bumped harshly.

"What's that about?" Angel called to the driver.

"Snake spooked the horses sir," the answer came. "Don't fret, I got it."

They relaxed a bit, but something in Sara still didn't feel right. The horse shrieked, and the carriage was tipped roughly, sent tumbling down a hill. When it hit bottom, both occupants were thrown from the carriage.

Chapter 4:

Sara shook herself away from the painful reverie. She turned, and headed back to Giles'.

"Angel?" Buffy asked. "Are you okay. Do you want to stop?"

"I'm fine Buffy." He continued the story. "The carriage was thrown down a hill. I was thrown out of it when it hit the bottom....."

Angel struggled to get up. He had landed face down in the mud and was a considerable amount of feet from the carriage. He looked up, clearing the mud from his eyes, and saw her through the mists of the night. Sara was sprawled on the ground, underneath the carriage, the wheel having crushed her side.

Eyes wide, he ran to her side, and cleared the hair which had fallen from its perch atop her head, from her face.

"Sara?" he asked, fighting back tears. He checked her pulse. "Sara," he said quietly as a tear rolled down his cheek. He gingerly set her head down, and looked to the heavens. "SERAFINA!!" he called at the top of his lungs.

"I heard you, you know," Sara said from the doorway. She had heard Angel telling their story, and now felt that she owed it to them to tell her part of the story. "I heard you." She took a deep breath and began to talk.

Sara stood in the night. She looked on at a scene that she couldn't believe. She was seeing herself, laying on the ground, under a carriage. She saw her brother, her Angel, holding her, calling her name.

"Angel?" she asked and received no answer. "Angel can you hear me?" She ran next to him. "Angel I'm here! That's not me, I'm here!" She reached to touch him, but her hand went through him. She jumped back, shocked, her mouth open in disbelief.

Her back against the carriage, she watched as people who saw the crash came down the hill to offer their aid. Their shouts and calls soon became nearly a background noise as a beautiful white light formed around her. Fear filled her and she ran to the back of the carriage. The light seemed to be calling to her, but she refused them. The light began to decimate slowly, until it was gone completely. Even then she knew she had made a mistake, and she had been paying for it for the last 200 years, and still would be paying for it forever.

Sara was still standing in the doorway when she finished, her voice shaky. She slowly began to nod.

"Oh yeah," she said. "I heard you."

The silence in the room was almost unbearable. Even Spike didn't say anything. Part of Sara was almost relieved when a rock came crashing through the window she stood next to. She picked it up and saw that there was a note attached to it.

"Christ," she said, and walked to the window. "Can't you people ever use the postal service?" she yelled. "I mean E-mail! These things

were invented to make this kind of thing obsolete." She walked away from the window as another, single rock just missed hitting her head. Spike smirked in the background as she handed the note to Buffy.

Buffy turned to Angel. "You know that Army of Vampires? Well, they want us to be at the Bronze tonight."

"What do we do?" Willow asked.

"I don't know," Buffy said. "How do we fight an entire army?" _ [Remember boys and girls, this is an alternate timeline in which the Initiative does not exist. That would be way too easy.]_

_ _"Uh, guys?" Sara said. "I may have an idea."

Chapter 5:

The sat in the Bronze, tense, waiting. Beside them were large duffel bags with weapons. It had been hard to pack the tools needed to execute Sara's radical, and ingenious plan, but they had managed.

Sara fidgeted uneasily in her seat. Buffy, Angel and Spike, who was looking forward to kicking some vampire a\$\$, were keeping watch for vampires. The DJ was playing very upbeat music, and Sara just couldn't stay still. Probably because she knew she would survive the attack, no matter what the outcome. She glanced at Xander, who was looking as uncomfortable as she.

"Would you like to dance?" she asked him.

"Sure," he said.

They made their way to the dance floor, but just as they stepped on, a soft, slow song came on. A bit awkwardly, they drifted into a slow dance, but they relaxed after awhile, and just listened to the music.

_ "I could lose my heart tonight, if you don't turn and walk away._

_ 'Cause they way I feel I might lose control and let you stay._

_ 'Cause I could take you in my arms and never let go._

_ I could fall in love with you"_

_ _

_ _ Sara's mind was reeling. What was she doing? She couldn't be involved with this _ boy._ She was over two hundred years old. It would never work. 'So why can't I stop feeling this way?' she thought.

_ "I can only wonder how touching you would make me feel._

_ But if I take that chance right now, tomorrow will you want me still._

_ So I should keep this to myself, and never let you know._

_ I could fall in love with you."_

--

_ _Xander was trying so hard to think. Thinking equals bad. But he knew he should. In the history of him and his friends, relationships between mortals and immortals did not work out.

_ "And I know it's not right, and I guess I should try_

_ To do what I should do, but I could fall in love,_

_ Fall in love with you."_

--

_ _Buffy watched them from her place at the door. She sighed softly as she recognized the looks on their faces as that of love. Angel came up behind her.

"This," he said, gesturing to the dance floor. "I don't like this."

"Oh come on, Angel what could happen?"

"That's just it Buffy, they have no idea what would happen if they were together."

"They're pretty lucky," she said softly.

_ "So I should keep this to myself, and never let you know._

_ I could fall in love with you."_

--

_ _The song ended and they drifted apart, still looking in each others eyes._ _Breaking the stare, Sara glanced at Giles, who was waving them back to the table.

"We just got a message," Buffy told her. "Let's move."

The army of vampires stood assembled and waiting in the warehouse. Their leader was talking to a young straggly looking vampire.

"You're sure she got the message?" he asked.

"Yes sir," the young vampress replied.

He laughed. "And the Slayer has no idea what awaits her!"

"She does if she has a classmate who has visions," Willow shouted from behind.

"Or if she looked in the window ya ditz," Sara added.

Willow, Sara and Xander stood with Super Soakers in their hands. They

had filled them with every ounce of Holy Water that Buffy and Giles had.

"Attack!" the vampire leader yelled. The vampires advanced.

"Fire!" Sara yelled. They fired the Holy Water, sending most of the vamps stumbling backwards, the few that remained were met with Buffy and Giles' hand to hand fighting skills. The vampires were soon immobilized, their leader furious, and burning from the Holy Water.

"NOW!" Buffy yelled.

They all ducked out of the way as Spike and Angel, careful of the puddles of Holy Water, carried in a huge pump of gasoline. A fire hose was attached to it. They turned it on and sprayed the entire room of vampires. The vampires, expecting more Holy Water, stood, stunned. It took them a minute to realize that they were covered in gasoline. They looked up, and their collective eyes widened at the sight of a smiling Sara, holding a match. She threw it to the ground, and joined her friends outside.

They watched the building quickly catch on fire.

"Everyone alive?" Buffy asked.

"More or less," Spike, Angel and Sara said.

"Should we call the Fire Department?" Willow asked.

"Naah," Sara said. "Let's just let it burn."

They stood in silence as the building burned in orange glory. A burning piece of the roof fell and a car was engulfed in flames.

"Fire Department," Angel said.

"Yeah."

Epilogue:

Sara sat on a small hill, contemplating a lot of things. Her life, her death, her after life, her future, her friends. A look of sadness crept across her face as she remembered that they weren't going to live forever.

"Hey," Xander said. "What's wrong."

"Nothing," she said. "It's just, I can't stay here."

"What?"

"Xander, I've lived a long time. I've met a lot of people." She looked down. "And I've watched all of them die. I can't do that again. Not with Buffy, not with you."

"I don't know what to say. Where will you go?"

"To LA. To live with Angel. That way, I can still help people and I won't get as lonely."

He started to say something, but he stopped himself when he realized she was right.

"I'll miss you," he said. It was all he could say.

"Good bye Xander." She gave him a small kiss on the cheek and left him on the hill. He stood for a moment, the events of the past few days floating through his mind.

"Hey Xander," a familiar voice said from behind him.

"Anya!" he said, jumping up. "Where've you been? I've missed you."

"I missed you too." She kissed him. "So, what'd you do while I was gone?"

"Oh," he said, remembering. "Nothing."

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_ P.S. The song is "I Could Fall In Love" by Selena, incase you want to listen to it._

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Next on the list ** Part 4: As It Seems**. A mysterious killer that can't be caught is taunting LA, and Sara settles into her new home.

End
file.